

Zion's Herald and Wesleyan Journal.

PUBLISHED BY THE BOSTON WESLEYAN ASSOCIATION, FOR THE NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCES OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

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Zion's Herald,
OMENS IN SOUTHERN SKIES
Mountain-tops of peace not apparent—Anti-slavery and Anti negro possible—Does Zion shake hands with God over the negroes—The aspirations of the freedmen—The War-School—The freedmen propose to help make the laws they are to obey—God's destruction versus man's reconstruction—An Army of liberation—All rebellion down at the mourner's bench—Old Testament justice will end soon the war.

Mr. EDITOR—Do the people of the North think the nation is beginning to "touch bottom?" that the end—peace, draweth near? There is so much dust and smoke of battle here that our vision is not quite clear; still we think enough can be seen to satisfy us that the ark must outride many a storm yet, before the dove will go forth to return no more. Some, yes many, well-meaning people have honestly thought that when the nation had become anti-slavery, there would be quiet in society, churches, and in the halls of legislation. But, Mr. Editor, the discovery has been made, that not a few, especially in the "higher circle," military and civil, are as much anti-negro, as anti-slavery. Some would abolish, altogether, the race; others would only colonize them out of the country, agreeably to President Lincoln's plan. Did you ever consider the analogy of the pulse of the North? There is a large class, especially in New England, who would un-crown the Lord of Glory. It is strange, then that multitudes are found who deny the manhood of the African? Hated are slavery and violent opposition to professed Christians, are not inconsistent with sharp prejudices, and even hatred, against the poor negro.

Providence has stood between the negroes and the government. Will Providence be compelled to stand between the negroes and the church? The Southern chivalry built their churches with lower seats, so negro preachers might exercise their gifts before their own people. Pious whites would often look in upon the exhibition for pastime, or to see that nothing dangerous to the institution was said. The nation has been passing into (not yet through) a baptism of suffering, and it has been greatly benefited. But has God laid any chastisement on the church yet? Here Ephraim and Judah have each, in turn, envied and vexed each other. But where, or when, has Zion had her trial in the furnace? Because Ephraim and Judah have shaken hands and said the controversy was ended, it did not follow that the parties shrank with God over the negro. Have you not, Mr. Editor, discovered the remains of unchristian prejudice in the church? A disposition to colonize African Christians? What was the import of the action of the General Conference? It is said that body threw up a causeway between the two priesthoods, that it is said of their enemies. "Many of the people of the land became Jews, for the fear of the Jews fell upon them."

The triumph of a black army would soon bring nearly all rebels down to the mourner's bench, and be honored with conversions of the Old Testament kind, without number. None but reproaches, such as the Hamans, the Herods, the Jests Davises, the Jezebels, and the Athalians would escape, and Haman's gallows would be sure to catch them.

By the terms of the order, not a man, woman or child was to be harmed, unless they first drew the sword upon the Jews. Such an army dealing death-blows only against murderous assailants, might shock those of delicate nerves, but it would quench the rebellion with far less loss of life, and with a degree of both justice and mercy, that has been wanting in many a move that only spared rebels, and entombed thousands of our brave, loyal soldiers. And you, the leaders of some of these funeral trains, are the heroes of our songs. M. FRENCH, Chaplain U. S. A.

Beaufort, S. C. July 10.

THE CHRISTIAN'S PATH.

I walk as one who knows that he is treading a stony soil:

One round whom the world is spreading its subtle coil.

I walk as one who feels that he is breathing a sharp air:

For whom the tempest still is wretching the fair air.

My steps I know are on the plains of Danger,

But looking on, I pass along, a stranger,

In hate and fear.

This earth has lost its power to drug me downward;

It still impels me right onward and right onward,

To ponder thence.

Hour after hour of Time's dark night is stealing

Its fair dawn of life, and joy, and healing;

Thus Star of Day.

For she, its King, the long-rejected,

Earth groans and cries:

For the, the lone-honored, the long-expected,

The Bride still sits.

H. Bonar.

Zion's Herald.

THE CONNECTION OF GOD WITH THE OPERATIONS OF MATERIAL NATURE.

How are produced the various changes which occur in matter? Are they effected by the immediate act of God, or are they the results of the mutual action of certain properties with which matter is naturally endowed?

Theologians have almost uniformly contended for the immediate action of God in these changes. If the omnipotence of God is to be proved, we are confidently referred to his unceasing operations of matter.

He works everywhere and at all times, must be ubiquitous.

In the little true light of the gospel, and of freedom that have fallen upon their dark minds, they have discovered clearly their God-given title to manhood, and its rich dowry of blessings.

On the very soil where their oppressors have tried to prove that the African had no manhood, they now are resolved to show an elevated, Christian type of manhood.

Already many have become owners of plantations and princely houses of South Carolina chivalry. They now sow and reap for themselves alone. They are already building school-houses; and no one, who carefully observes their development, gradual but not slow, can doubt that they will soon be interested in colleges, in steamboats and rail cars. They will bear the burdens of taxation for state or national purposes, they will cheerfully obey laws, and honor rulers, but they will insist on having a voice in making both.

The government little realized what a terrible blow was struck at the rebels, and what a good thing was done for the freedom when the war-clouds were opened to them. This is indeed the black man's ultimate victory.

Otherwise they have had the entire national government against them. But when they get the soldier's uniform on, their muskets in hand, then they breathe freely. An unceasing inspiration seems to come down on them; with God and the government both on their side, they can contemplate the strangulation of the rebellion with the coolness of Samson, who slew the lion that warned against him. They say, and believe it when they say it, that every chain will be broken, that they have a mission of freedom to those that are still in bonds. Who doubts it? And who, that truly reads the character and aspirations of the freedmen, as well as God's providences concerning them, doubts that they, and not the chivalry, (the former hangmen of the South) are to be the giants of this land? That their bayonets are to be the Northern man's protection in trade and travel through the sunny South! They, too, propose to take care of guerrilla bands, or freebooters, who may remain after the war is over. Nor is this all. No scorching eyes of rebellion will be hatched, so long as they bear rule. Mr. Editor, are you prepared to admit that God intends to make the Africans real benefactors to the nation? The nation has not had a heart to work out the freedom of the black man. It has devolved on Providence to do that, and God will have the glory of his freedom. In seeking out his own freedom, the freedman is called to render aid to the government, without which, in all probability, the nation would have failed of victory. It is better for the moral health of the nation, that it acknowledge a benefactor in those it has oppressed. It will make the passage of the colored man smoother as he goes up through all the grades of his elevation. He will feel more comfortable, and cause less uneasiness around him, when he shall take his seat in the halls of State legislation, or when his voice shall be heard on the floor of Congress. How many such exhibitions of talent, eloquence and divine union, as were manifested in the African delegates to our General Conference, will be necessary to open their way into our Annual and General Conferences? Has not Christ commissioned and anointed them as his apostles, partners and teachers? Will our church acknowledge the Master's ordinance? Or must they first be countermanded by the church before they pass current?

In the new heavens and new earth now emerging from the chaotic mass of the old despotism that utterly ruined the whites, and greatly damaged the poor negroes, it is of vital importance to determine correctly what custom rule. Will the church send one class of ministers here, to build up African churches, and another class to build up African churches, and thus affect the reformation of the slaves? Shall we organize different missionary societies for the two classes? We shall transfer the signs on New York street cars, "colored people allowed," to the school-houses of the South? And place them over the pulpits also, to regulate the ministry? May there not, Mr. Editor, be a work in ourselves to be done, greater than the putting down of the rebellion? Shall we not, then, make such a reformation as took place under King? As before it shall be said of us, as of his people, "The Lord gave them rest round about?"

The government is making a blind stagger at re-

construction. It will find, however, that all such construction is as wood, hay or stubble." Divine Justice has put the rebels into the scales, and they are sure to "kick the beam." God has hardened their hearts as he did Pharaoh's, for their destruction, not re-construction. He has said to the freedmen, as he did to his people on coming out of Egypt, "Thou shalt be above only, and thou shalt not be beneath." Here is the millstone that grinds the pride of the South. They already say that God intends not merely to break the chain of the slave, and then leave him, a poor dependent biring, but to invest him with all the rights, endow him with all the privileges, and crown him with all the honors of his former master. They see him already slandering, in company with white men, the dangers and honors of the battle field. The government that once crawled on its belly to aid the slaveholder in hunting down his fleeing slaves, now orders those slaves to bayonet their old masters, to burn down their houses, and take the bread from the mouths of their wives and children, wherever and whenever it will aid in crushing out the rebellion.

Then we have an irreparable conflict. The Southerners say they will die, to a man, before they will yield to the freedom and elevation of their slaves, and the freedmen, on the other hand, say will they never up into freedom, and all its attending blessings, or die in the effort. God has evidently taken part with those who had no helpers, and therefore the rebel dies. And now, Mr. Editor, what say you to an army of liberation, a black army twenty thousand strong, and marching under the white flag of justice, through the South, with leaders that fear God and love freedom, and under such orders as Abner gave the Jews? "To stand for their life, to destroy, to slay, and to cause to perish all the power of the people and province that would assault them, both little ones and women, and to take the spoils of them for a prey."

The Jews carried out this order so boldly and triumphantly, that it is said of their enemies, "Many of the people of the land became Jews, for the fear of the Jews fell upon them." Our army of liberation, and under such leaders as Abner, would do the same. They would be as God's instruments, and the Southern chivalry built their churches with lower seats, so negro preachers might exercise their gifts before their own people. Pious whites would often look in upon the exhibition for pastime, or to see that nothing dangerous to the institution was said. The nation has been passing into (not yet through) a baptism of suffering, and it has been greatly benefited. But has God laid any chastisement on the church yet? Here Ephraim and Judah have each, in turn, envied and vexed each other. But where, or when, has Zion had her trial in the furnace? Because Ephraim and Judah have shaken hands and said the controversy was ended, it did not follow that the parties shrank with God over the negro. Have you not, Mr. Editor, discovered the remains of unchristian prejudice in the church? A disposition to colonize African Christians? What was the import of the action of the General Conference? It is said that body threw up a causeway between the two priesthoods, that it is said of their enemies. "Many of the people of the land became Jews, for the fear of the Jews fell upon them."

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TRANS-MISSISSIPPI CORRESPONDENCE.

Iowa, July 11, 1864.

DEAR HERALD—We are in the midst of a hot season; quite inclining a person to abstain from all engagements not required by imperious necessity; but, nevertheless, as a relief to myself, if not for the advantage of your readers, I have resolved to brave the heat, and let you hear from the habitation of the Hawk Eyes.

IOWA WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

It is quite natural, at this season of the year, to think and talk of literary anniversaries. Your people, down at the very seat of learning, must not suppose that you monopolize all the advantages arising therefrom. Colleges, universities and seminaries are as thick as crows throughout the West, and entirely too much so for their financial and general health. Some of these institutions are, however, enjoying considerable prosperity. The anniversary exercises of the Iowa Wesleyan University came off last month, and were quite satisfactory. The speaking was done by Rev. J. H. Vincent, of Rock River Conference, Rev. E. J. Gillette, D.D., of Keokuk, Iowa, and Rev. H. W. Thomas, of the Iowa Conference. The graduates numbered eight. Some needed reforms in the character of the university were agreed to by the Board of Trustees, arrangements were entered into for the removal of the remaining debts of the institution, and it is confidently hoped that its future career will be one of prosperity.

EX BISHOP HAMLINE.

Another consequence resulting from the principles now controverted, is that the divine action in nature is represented in an antagonistic view. Take a very simple illustration: An apple is suspended on a tree by vital vegetable power; at the same time the power of gravitation operates to detach it. Now if this vegetable and this gravitational force are the immediate action of God, it is just as easy to deny that any resistance does not belong to matter, but its phenomena are produced by some mode of reasoning in the folies and vanities of a mere speculative tenet. Yea, it would be equally easy to deny the existence of matter itself. For we know that any material substance, if meets with resistance; hence it is evident that resistance is a property of matter. Now mark, this is all the proof I have to offer. Repeat the experiment a thousand times, still the proof is the same. I decide that matter has resistance, because by experiment I find its resist to put to some other thing in its place. And we have just the same proof that dynamic force is a property of matter, that is, that it is not caused by matter, but is the immediate act of the ever present God. Why not say that extension does not belong to matter, but its phenomena are produced by some spiritual agent? It is just as easy to deny that any resistance does not belong to matter, but its phenomena are produced by some mode of reasoning in the folies and vanities of a mere speculative tenet.

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Poetry.

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.
The late Dr. Chalmers is said to have been the author of the following beautiful lines, written on the occasion of the death of a young son, whom he greatly loved:

I am all alone in my chamber now,
And the midnight hour is near,
And the fagot's crack; and the clock's dull tick,
Are the only sounds in the house,
And the world is still in its solitude.
Sweet feelings of sadness glide;
For my heart and my eyes are full when I think
Of the little boy that died.
I went one night in my father's house—
To the garden where he played;
And softly opened the garden gate,
My mother came to meet her son—
She had him in her arms so low—
And he had fallen on my neck, and she wept
For the little boy that died.

THE LUMBERMEN OF MAINE.

There were shouts in the crowded streets,
And a martial music strain,
And banners waved, and loud drums beat,
As the lumbermen came to greet
The lumbermen of Maine.

A thousand strong and more,
From the woods and streams came they;
From where the Kennebec's fountains roar,
And the Penobscot twists the ear,And the Androscoggin roars.

Strong knights of the axe and pole,
Kings of the raft and saw,
In brawny limb and dauntless soul,
By the breath of the forest air made whole,
And the sun of the forest tides;

The little boy that died.

We shall go back to our Father's house—
To our Father's home in the skies,
Where the hope of souls shall have no light,
Our love no broken ties;

We shall ramble on the banks of the river of peace,
And the world is still in its solitude;

One of the joys of life shall be

The little boy that died.

And they will speak a silent speech

Of the little boy that died.

They came from the battle-plane;
They came from the front of death and pain,
And a dozen heroes born
Beneath a rumbling sky.

Dusty and hot and worn,
The regiments came to us,
With a bugle's blast, a drum and horn,
And a dozen voices heroes born

Beneath a rumbling sky.

Through the city's double tide,
Slowly they marched again,
With a look of morn, and timely pride
That the world still calls as they marched beside

The strength of common men.

But a hundred strong and three,
They came from the battle-plane;
The others will never fill the tree,
Or sing and dance, when the raft floats free

With the lumbermen of Maine.

Correspondence.

For Zion's Herald.

LETTER FROM REV. J. B. HUSTED.

Mr. EDITOR—I avail myself of your invitation to say a few words for the gratification (I hope) of some "former friends," who still read the *Herald*.

I left home June 8th for Bucksport, the seat of the East Maine Conference. Had I known of their intention, when in Boston, I should have taken the boat with you direct to Bucksport, though I think the route via Portland decidedly preferable; but it is pleasant to have a traveling companion to share one's pleasures—not disconsolate—the latter of which I think must be more in the direct than the land route.

From Boston to Portland, I found through the long train of cars but one acquaintance, S. Johnson, Esq., of Hallowell, who revisited in my mind many pleasant reminiscences of other days. Having two hours to spend in Portland before the departure of the boat, I called on an old parochian and subsequently fellow-laborer in the Maine Conference, Rev. E. Shaw, whom few, if any, ever connected with the Conference have been more respected and beloved. For many years he has been out of the regular work, on account of poor health; but he is still living for God, and preaching by his example. A little pleasure incidental to his business is related: He is State Commissioner to regulate the traffic in ardent spirits. A brother enters his store and exclaims, "Fine business this, a minister of the gospel of prince of rum-sellers!" To which Bro. S. replies, "I am required by law to dwell in the region of pure spirits only." All towns and city agencies can only supply themselves with liquors, legally, through him; yet some, it is feared, allow themselves to be tampered with by traveling agents, who palm off their unanointed vials upon the dupes, to the great jeopardy to the health and life of all who purchase it.

Before 4 o'clock, Saturday morning, the steamer's whistle announced Rockland near at hand. Soon we were at Camden, then Belfast, and between 9 and 10 we landed at Bucksport, about an hour in advance of the boat direct. Bro. Elliot, preacher on board, met me on the wharf, with an invitation from an old friend (widow of the late Capt. J. Snow) to stop with her. This was most acceptable on several accounts. I had made the acquaintance of the family more than thirty years ago, and during my connection with the Bangor District, from 1837 to 1841, I had ever found it in the most cordial and hospitable entertainment. But how changed the scene! Husband dead; a daughter, greatly and generally beloved, dead; and the other children no longer sheltered under the paternal roof, but scattered far apart! God grant they may all meet in the home above. Bishop Ames and Bro. A. Church were my fellow guests. I was introduced to the Conference. But what a change! Probably not five who attended the Conference when it met in Bucksport, five or six miles north of the village, thirty-two years ago, were present. A generation had passed away. But while many workmen have been taken away, the work is still carried on. I was happy to find that several of my former co-laborers in Maine are well represented by their sons, on whom their ministerial mantle has fallen.

The love feast on Sunday morning was a season of much interest. Voices both in the ministry and membership with which I had been familiar twenty and thirty years ago, were heard again.

Religious devotion burns more brightly than in a Methodist Conference love feast. Bro. Talbot, of East Machias, a patriarchal layman (father of M. J. Talbot, of Prov. Conference), gave a blessed testimony, concluded by saying, "God has blessed me in basket and store, and my wife says it is in answer to the prayers of Methodist preachers."

The sermon of Bishop Ames on Sunday morning, of Bucksport and its surroundings, of Conference business, etc., I need say nothing, as you, Mr. Editor, and others have here anticipated me. Many of the preachers remained in Bucksport till Tuesday morning, and then took the boat for my river. My kind hostess had made my stay very pleasant, and I bid her adieu, probably for the last time, on earth, under a sense of many obligations. May abundant peace crown her declining days.

Bro. C. Baker I left the boat at Hampden to call on our mutual friend and brother, T. Greenhalgh. We had a precious interview of an hour or two, closing with prayer by Bro. G., a prayer characterized by his usual simplicity, faith and power. Bro. G. is poor in respect to worldly comforts, if not necessities. He told me his total receipts, from all sources, did not amount to one hundred and fifty dollars annually! He will excuse me for repeating this, as I do it in the hope that some brother, who has the ability, will send him a generous donation to aid him in some necessary repairs on his house.

Bro. Baker and I walked up to Bangor toward evening; something of a feast for superannuates. It was

not, however, the first time we had traveled together. We were stationed in Portland in 1833, "met in Bang," and have enjoyed uninterrupted fellowship ever since.

Bangor is a beautiful city, very greatly improved since I left it in 1841. Methodism has had a hard struggle here, and as yet numbers but two churches, and these far from being filled. It was my field of labor in 1832. But few of the members then living are there now. A few worthy ones still remain. I will not speculate on the cause that have contributed to their embarrassment; they have their trials, and severer ones. May a better day soon dawn upon them.

On Friday Bro. Hovey took me in his carriage to Orono, where I called on a very few of the friends of other days. Bro. J. Atwell and his estimable wife reside here, and are passing the evening of life comfortably. Worthy pilgrims these, almost without sight of the celestial city. I was made sad in hearing of the defection of some who were prominent in the little flock in this place twenty-five years ago! May they soon return to the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls.

In returning to Bangor we passed an immense throng, gathered from many miles around, to attend the dedicatory services of the Soldiers' Monument at Mount Hope Cemetery. It is a beautiful monument, and the services I learned were interesting and impressive. I noticed a similar monument been erected in Hampden, near the spot where a battle or skirmish came off between our forces under Gen. Blake and the British in the war of 1812. Many brave youth in the valley of the Penobscot, and other parts of Maine, are commemorated by these monuments. They are a sad but glorious record for posterity. Feudal has been the occasion for their existence; terrible and heart-rending the bereavements of which are the chroniclers; sacred and patriotic the motives that have prompted their erection! May God bless and comfort the striken ones. Providence seemed to indicate that I should remain in Bangor over the Sabbath, and I cheerfully submitted. Bro. Hinck could not conveniently supply his pulpit the first Sabbath after Conference, so I tried to fill his place. Many were the vacant seats on Sabbath; very few familiar faces.

"Friends fondly cheered had passed on," etc.

The destroyer had been in many dwellings. An enemy had also been there sowing tares; and this, as well as the first named cause, accounted for the very small attendance on public worship; though the newly appointed preacher, never heard of but by a very few till his appointment, was announced, was expected to officiate. May great and substantial property be graciously vouchsafed to this dear people and their pastor this Conference year. As my sheet is full, I must ask your indulgence for one more letter.

J. B. H.

Sketches.

HARDHACK.

BY THURSTON TALMON.

Mr. Hardhack, who was born in the old of the moon, and therefore has a peculiar temperament, comes home to dinner with the morning's mail, and with a face as gloomy as a rusty flint, descents to Mrs. Hardhack and daughters as follows:

"The country is ruined! The rebel army has been defeated! Our men are killed! Our women are killed! We have at least fifty thousand men in the last engagement!" (unfolded a newspaper and glancing over the news column.) There's been a terrible storm of wind and hail up in New Hampshire and four houses were blown flat to the earth. Two killed.

"Well, we've got and bought two large loaves of bread, and carried them back and gave them to Johnny. We've got no wish to know," said they, as they went off, laughing at poor Johnny.

"Presently an officer of the garrison that was lying in the harbor passed.

"Please buy my ship," said Johnny, very importunately.

"Did you make it?" said the officer.

"Yes, I did, all myself," said Johnny.

"What put it into your head to make a ship?" said the good-natured man.

"Why, sir, I say, said the little fellow, "Sis hasn't any money, and I thought I'd work and earn some money and buy some."

"Who is Sis?" said the Captain.

"Why, don't you know Sis?" said Johnny. "Just look in here."

So the officer entered, and saw Sis asleep on the bed.

"Whom do you belong to?" said the captain.

"To mother now," said Johnny, "for father is dead and gone away."

Just then little Sis opened her eyes, and seeing the uniform of the officer, she began to laugh.

"What do you ask for your ship?" said the captain.

"One penny, if you can't give any more," said Johnny.

The captain gave him a pat on the cheek, and said, "Wait a few minutes, and I'll come back and see him."

"He'll call again, and he would come again and learn all about the family, he promised to take care of them; and when Johnny was a great boy, he took him board his ship, and, in time, made an officer of him, and sent him to a battle, where he was wounded, and then sent him to another, where he was a hero, and then to another, where he was a general, and finally to a commandant of a soldier's life he maintained his Christian integrity, and zealously and successfully labored for God in every position which he held. 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